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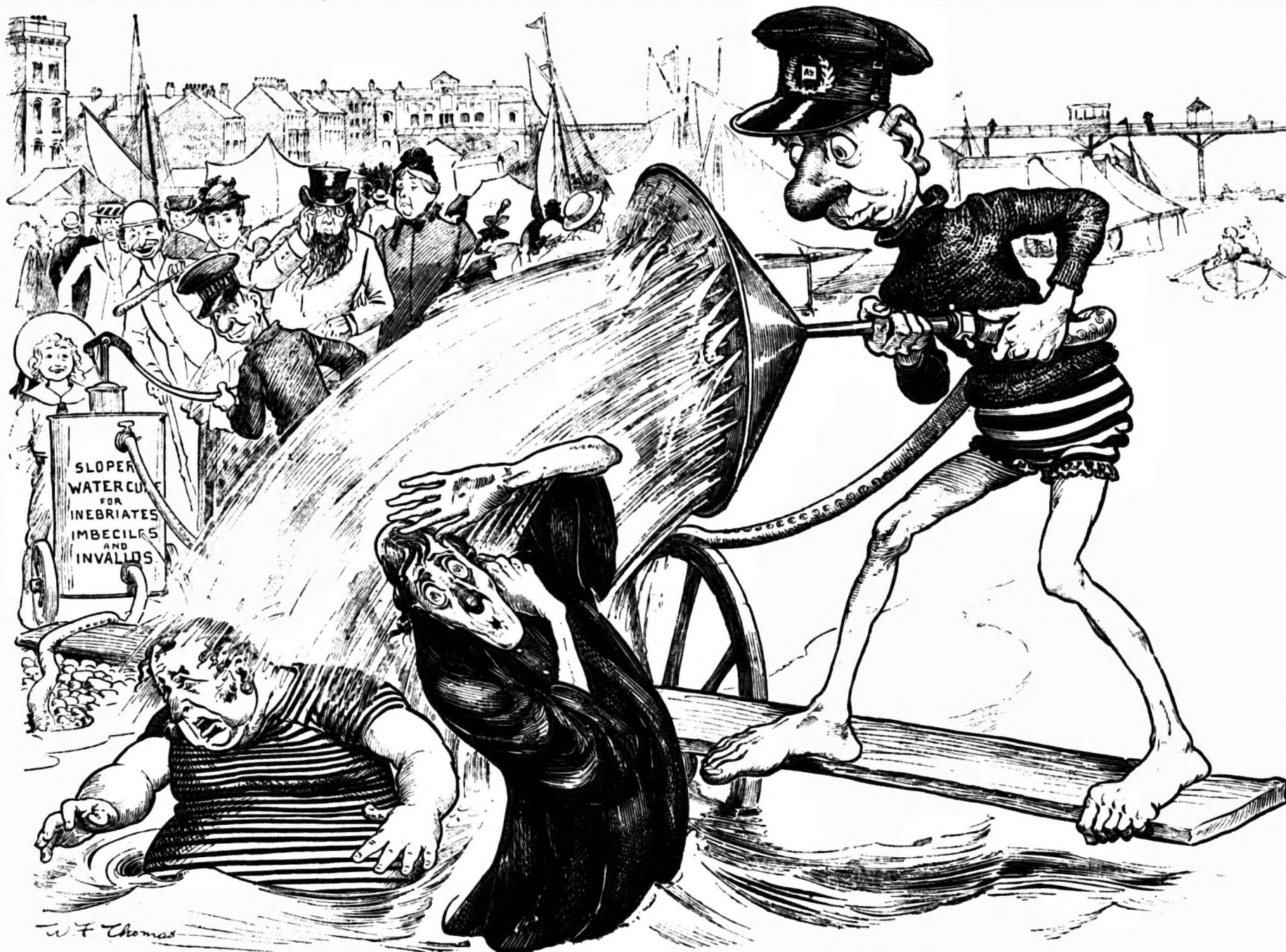
ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VIII.—No. 382.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



HYDROPATHY AT YARMOUTH.

"For some time before Pa left town, he had been studying the effect of the Hydropathic Treatment by placing his head under the water-but in the back garden, and getting Alec to turn the tap on. His experiments, strange to say, were invariably made after a night at the Rumfozlers'. There is no accounting for the way in which scientists work. Having perfected his tackle, Poor Papa invited Uncle Boffin and Aunt Geeser, both of whom have been off colour lately, up to Yarmouth to test his Cure. With care, Uncle may pull round in time, but Auntie's case is considered almost hopeless."—TOOTSIE.

EXCURSIONISTS, BEWARE!



1. Muzzlehead and Bounceboy were down for the day, and intended making things hum a bit while the opportunity was afforded them. "What say if we have a paddle, Joe?" said the former. "There's no one about."



2. "So if we leave our toggery by the side of this old bloke, they will be quite safe." "Safe!" chuckled Blimey Bill, as he winked the other eye. "Oh, yes! they'll be quite safe."



3. "I'll take care of 'em," and shouldering crutches, bags, overcoats, etc., he speedily disappeared. "Thunderbolts and crowbars, Joe! where's our togs?" "Bloomin' snakes! where's the beccat?" asked Joe.

TWO DUCKS—SEVEN YEARS.

On July 23rd, 1796, Mr. Scoldwell, "a servant of the law," was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing two live tame ducks from one Spurling, a baker, of Bedford, near Hammersmith. At ten at night Scoldwell called on Spurling and said he had a writ against him, and he must be taken at once to Newgate.

The amount of the debt was £16 7s. Spurling offered to settle it.

"No, no," replied Scoldwell, "you shall not. You must come immediately to Newgate, and you must hire a post-chaise."

Poor Mr. Spurling replied, "That is hard to be obliged to hire a post-chaise to carry one's self to Newgate. If you will take me in a humble one horse shay, which I have of my own, I will go with you."

A second officer, who accompanied Scoldwell, suggested that the matter might be arranged, and Spurling produced £15 in money. Scoldwell then asked if he had a watch, and, being answered, "Yes," said, "I must have that." After this he asked for some money for his own travelling expenses, and, being told by Spurling that all he had left was ten shillings' worth of coppers, he took them. He now inquired whether the baker had any fowls or a goose, and, in spite of the unhappy victim's remonstrances, insisted on receiving a goose as a present. Next he demanded the baker's lease as a further security, and then made him write

out "a note for £40 on condition that the lease, watch and everything should be Scoldwell's property if the debt were not paid within twenty-one days."

The baker suffered all these impositions in the hope of getting rid of the loud voiced, drunken bullies, for, at the time, his wife was lying ill and was half-distracted by the scene enacting within her hearing. It was not, however, until nearly five in the morning that they took themselves off, and not then without visiting a stable, where Scoldwell killed and pocketed two ducks, which, on the way back to town, he showed to the driver of the stage-coach he travelled by.

In about a fortnight Scoldwell came down again and extorted more money, and a few days later the baker heard about the ducks from the coachman. The latter said that, noticing them falling out of the prisoner's pocket, he said, "Mr. Constable, if you do not take care, you will lose the ducks you stole from the baker." Scoldwell had previously said, "I have done the baker out of his ducks," and his reply now was no denial of the charge. "No, no," said he, "I will hold them fast."

When, eventually, in a tavern in London, he was accused by the baker in front of a witness, he called the prosecutor out of the room and said, "I did have your ducks, but, if you make any more noise about it, I'll lock you up directly." Here a friend interposed and defied the constable to do further wrong. The robbery being clearly proved, a verdict of "Guilty" was returned by the jury, and the prisoner sentenced to be transported for seven years.

"William," bleated the Bluebell. But there was something about William's eye that meant mischief, and Alexandry, having the knife-board handy (he wears it up his back)—

(Next week, "Suicide Jones.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

It's really very thoughtful of you, ELLALINE McCLEURE. We appreciate your courtesy and tact. Yes, circumstances greatly alter cases, THOMAS BOURD. It's impossible to tell you how to act. The sketches, FERMOR, sent to us a day or two ago, are not of much account we must admit. We've read stupid letters, WILFRID BAKER, but at yours we nearly had an epileptic fit. By writing to the office A. TRIPPER can obtain full particulars of distance, route and fare. We're very sorry, BETTY, that we cannot grant your wish; You must air your little grievances elsewhere. The charge is quite preposterous we certainly admit. For a single little luncheon off the joint. Of course it isn't our fault, JOE, but, as you're such a friend, The Eminent will try and stretch a point. Thanks, F. S., for the cutting from The Star and Daily News; The fanner report we think we saw. It's hardly to be wondered at that persons of the kind are just a little shaky in their law.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"YES, brother workin' men," shouted a professional spouter, "I'll say it agin; I'm as good as any of 'em; and, wot's more, I've done it all myself! Thank 'Eving, I was never at any of their Board Schools! Thank 'Eving, I never learnt Latin or Greek—" "Are you thanking Heaven for your ignorance?" asked an intelligent auditor. "Well, yes, yer may put it that way, if yer like," said the spouter. "Then you've got a bally lot to be thankful for, mate."

"THERE'S many a flower that's born to bloom unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air;" and it is hard on poor Jemima, with all her saltant abilities, that the only audience she has in the kitchen (missis out), when she does the *Pas de Quatre* with three brooms, is two black-beetles and a tom cat.

"DID he love her? Well, what a question. Why, sir, he so adored that girl that from the very first time he shook hands with her he never washed his right hand, but always went about with a kid glove on it to preserve it from the pollution of the profane touch of his mere friends and acquaintances. Ah! his was love, if you like. Poor fellow! he deserved a better fate—he married her!"

"ALL flesh is grass," an ancient truth, By which it will be seen Why in the springtime of our youth We are so "jolly green!"

"WHAT'S the matter, dear?" asked Gladys. "Why, it is so annoying," replied Laura. "I was on the beach just now reading that lovely, naughty novel of Zola's, when the Rev. Mr. Canter came up and saw it." "Well, dear, what of that?" exclaimed Gladys. "He's not your regular clergyman, and you're going away you know next week." "Oh, it isn't that; but he asked me to lend it him, and, of course, I couldn't refuse, and I was just in the middle of such a delicious scene."

Professional Mendicant. Pray, sir, give a trifle to help a poor man who hasn't had a morsel of food for two days.

Quiverful. Impossible, my good fellow. I've half a dozen hungry mouths to feed at home.

Professional Mendicant. All right, guv'nor; keep yer 'air on. If yer kids' mugs take after yours in the matter of size you must 'ave all your work cut out.

It is the sign of a cruel, bad, jealous girl who wants better regulating. Yes, that girl is jealous of Tootsie—dear Tootsie. Still, that's no reason why she should hurl over-ripe strawberries at the light blue silks of SLOPER'S off-spring when they're hanging out a-dryin' in that back yard. "Drat you!" said Mrs. S., looking from the window, "a good first hand, double breasted spank is what you want, and not cold drawn neither."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 282.—The "Yarmouth Bathing" Costume.



Said I. Mary, quite contrary.
How does your garden grow,
With silver bells and cockle
shells? [know!]
Said She. Find out, if you wish to



P.-C. Al. Here, my man, where are
you going with that watch?
Tues. Oh! it's all right, guv'nor.
I'm only going to pawn it for a gentle-
man who's ashamed to do it himself.



He. Here, boy, bring me the Sportsman, will you?
She. I wonder you like to buy those horrid sporting papers, Arthur, all about
low betting men and brutal prize fights. Get me the Telegraph, please, there's
all about such a lovely murder and two divorce cases, and, oh! such an interest-
ing breach of promise.



The New Patent Sloper fixed
Binocular.—"One of the greatest
inventions of the age."



"The last eggs I had were stale. I
thought you warranted these, 16 for a 1s.
"So I do, they are 16 for 1s."

"DARLING," sighed the ardent but oafish suitor, "do not bid me despair; let me live for ever in the light of your eyes!" "Oh, chuck that gammon!" responded the practical maiden. "The light of my eyes may be all very well for spooning purposes, but you'd find it a bally poor substitute for gas and coal, and you can't afford to pay for either."

First Chappie. So Miss Oofsax has refused you, deah boy?
Second Chappie. Yaas, I'm most terribly cut up about it, for the entwining eweature confessed she loved me.
First Chappie. No, you don't mean it, deah fellah?
Second Chappie. Yaas, but she wanted me to go down on my knees and swear I adored her before she would consent to be my bowide, and, of course, deah boy, I had to firmly refuse; it would have bagged my trousers perfectly dweadfully, you know.

It is really very funny,
When a man has lost his money
By gambling in houses, mines, or land,
He takes offices, of course,
As a sort of last resource,
And lends money on your simple note of hand.

SLOPER was proud when they told him that Lord Alfred was going to make a poem on him, called the "Lord of Shalot." "There was always a romantic look about me," said the Old Eminent. Said Mac, "It ain't the romantic look; but the eau-de-Cologne touch about yer that's set him calling you 'Old Shalot.' Don't go in so much for the onion staks. Bar the 'Blue Pig,' and he'll begin, 'Fresh as the morning was ALLY.'"

"I SAY, dad," observed Alexandry, "Bill Higgins says you footed a bill the other day, and that you won't be able to meet it." "And I'll foot one now that I can meet," said the Eminent.
[And he did; and Bill went down the front steps like a snow-ball, and didn't leave off rubbing himself for a quarter of an hour.]

WHY does he always call her his "Salmon out of Season"? Why, because she's so very dear to him. Why does she call him her "Lemon Squash Maker"? Why, because he's such a splendid squeezer. Oh, young love, young love! what'll yer have a toothful of?

Master. Perkins, spell "Purity."
Perkins. P-u-r-i-t-y.
Master. Right! Next boy, tell me what it means? Don't know? next, next! Any boy give me an example of purity? Youthful but businesslike son of village grocer. Please, sir, I know—father's tea.

"Is that Mr. or Mrs. De Masher the other side of the table?" inquired a short sighted lady at table d'hôte. "White shirt-front, waistcoat, necktie, stick-up collar, short hair?" said a friend. "I think it is Mr. De Masher. Oh, no, it isn't; there's no eye-glass, so it must be Mrs. De M.".

THIS is how a Radical paper, which shall be nameless, reported a Tory meeting:—"POINTLESS.—At the moment when Lord Addlebrain stepped upon the platform our reporter accidentally broke the point of his pencil; but as his lordship's remarks bore a perfect resemblance to the condition of our representative's crayon, there is little cause to regret the fact that he was unable to transfer them to his note book."

ONCE I felt the world without her
Would appear a hopeless bank;
If I did not see her daily,
With despair my spirits sank.
Once I dearly loved to kiss her
Teach like cheeks and soft white brow;
Now I own I seldom do it,
For I am her husband now.

"SO your daughter has broken off her engagement with young Jones, I see?" said the company's collector, as he handed old Mr. Robinson a receipt for the quarter's gas bill. "You are quite right," was the response. "But how did you know?" "Oh! easily enough," rejoined the other, "you burnt three pounds worth more of gas last quarter than you did this." Then the old man concluded he had more cause for congratulation than he had originally imagined.

"ROBINSON was telling me that you were running me down last night at the club," remarked Flider. "Don't you believe it, young man," replied Spider. "If I can't say anything good about a man, I never say anything at all, and your name wasn't mentioned."

GENTLE unaffectedness is of course an innocent girl's sweetest attribute. Still the shy female who actually draws out her stay busk to knock the bluebottle off the bald head of the bloke sitting in front of her isn't exactly in the running to win the next society tart competition in SLOPER'S "HALF."

SCENE.—A well known eating-house in Farringdon Street.
ALLY SLOPER. I wansh shee Misher Pearch—(hic)—pleesh.
Waiter. He's not here at present, sir.
ALLY SLOPER. 'Deedsh! Then Misher Plentysh—(hic)—will do. Takesh m' cardsh to Misher Plentysh.

"HERE, waiter," shouted the angry diner, "how much longer am I to wait for that cheese?" "Very sorry, sir," answered he of the napkin, "but it won't be a minute now; you see, sir, it broke its chain just now, sir, and the chef he 'ave 'ad no end of trouble to catch it again, sir." The diner decided not to wait.

"WHAT is your occupation, prisoner?" said the beak, sternly, to the blood stained, mud covered individual with the black eye, who stood in the dock on a charge of being drunk and disorderly the previous night. "By profession, your worship," corrected the prisoner, proudly, "I am an acrobat and tumbler, and I respectfully submit that in getting intoxicated I was well within my rights; it's not at all an uncommon occurrence to see a tumbler full."
[But he was fined ten bob and costs all the same.]

WITH the very best intentions
You may praise the great inventions
Of Edison and other clever folks;
But the palm should be awarded
To the ever to be lauded
Clever man, who thinks of something new in jokes.

"BY-the-by, Jones," said Mopper to that individual, as they stood lapping up alcoholic fluids at the bar of the "Spotted Cow," "I met your friend Groundplan last night; what a very jolly fellow he is." "Do you think so?" responded he of the uncommon cognomen. "You don't know him as well as I do; he's a very designing man." "Designing?" exclaimed Mopper, "why, he seems as open as the day; well, you surprise me." "Nevertheless, it's true," remarked Jones; "he's an architect, you see." And yet Mopper allowed him to live.

SNOOKS is anxious to know what order of chivalry should be founded for heroic women. "The men," said he to his dearly loved soon-to-be Dutch clock, "the men are Knights of the Order of the Garter. I suppose women would be 'the Ladies of the Order of the Suspender,' but—" And the hot blush that came on that dear girl's face would have been enough to light the kitchen fire and cook a leg of pork into the bargain.

TOOTSIE'S TORQUAY TALKEE.



Healthy exercise.

My poor, unhappy Pa is wont to observe, "I love Torquay, it is so homely. Though it's a five and a half hours' journey from Paddington, when you get there you're still in Fleet Street. Good old Fleet Street!"

For my part, when I go for a holiday—not Pa's "HALF," you know, but a whole one, on my own account—I don't care to find things so much like the Battersea Bow-woweries; and, though Fleet Street is a noble thoroughfare, I don't pine for it when I am elsewhere for a day or two.

The good guide-book informs me that visitors having scientific tastes will find provision for their enjoyment in the Torquay Natural History Society. At the Museum, admirable lectures are given weekly, and here may be seen a unique collection of ossiferous remains, taken from a cavern known as Kent's Hole. These consist of the bones and skulls of the grizzly bear, trunk packing elephant (the trunk is absent, so possibly he left it in the cloak room till the twopences had told up too heavy), the rorty rhinoceros and giddy garden goat of a giggling geezer of a hyena, besides other more or less wild animals alive or stuffed, but all now harmless. "To the geologist," says the guide-book, "this locality is highly interesting. The shores abound in zoophytes and algae; while for the botanist, conchologist and entomologist there is an extensive field for their instruction and amusement," which, indeed, may very likely be the case; but as Lardi and Tottie don't happen to know a zoophyte from a picklecabbage, it's hardly worth their while breaking many hammers; and, for my part, I fancy if the scientific parties were all to get together in that field and shut the gate on themselves, things might be livelier outside.

For our part, we don't come to the seaside to look up fossils. We bring fossils enough with us—the fossil Billy and the fossil Snook, and anything more fossil than Snook I have not yet come across.

We are stopping, of course, at the "Imperial," and just this minute the sun is shining its brightest, the sky above is of the bluest, and the never ceasing murmur of the waves reaches me where I sit. Torquay is a lovely place; you ought to go and see—the loveliest spot in all lovely Devonshire.

The bathing is excellent, and there is a bathing cove set entirely aside for ladies. Understand, by cove I do not mean a male person of lowly station, but a cove in the coast. The attendants are, of course, of the female persuasion, and the bathing machines, as the guide-book tells us, are "all provided with all the requisites of civilized nation."

Kent's Hole or Cavern is well worth a visit, and so is Daddy Hole Plain, and mind you don't miss London Bridge. If you go to Anstis Cove, too, don't neglect Thomas. Thomas is the Torquay laureate, and these are his words—"Picnics supplied with hot water and tea At a nice little house down by the sea; Fresh crabs and lobsters every day, Salmon-peel, sometimes red mullet and grey. The dearest of pleasure boats let out on hire, Fishing tackle as good as you can desire; Bathing machines for ladies are kept, With towels and gowns all quite correct. Thomas is the man who supplies everything, And also teaches young people to swim."

This poem is said to have cost Thomas many sleepless nights, and as a specimen of reckless rhyming, combined with carefully calculated self-advertisement, is supposed to be without an equal in the county of Devon.



An unlovely sight.

Snook when being landed on shore this afternoon it would be difficult to imagine. The male mummies connected with this party are bringing little credit to others concerned. I'm sick of it.

CERTAINLY.

SHE was pretty, he was handsome,
And upon the pier they sat,
He had got his arm around her,
Well, there's nothing wrong in that.

And this dainty little charmer
In the saucy sailor hat,
Leant her head upon his shoulder,
Well, there's nothing wrong in that.

Presently I saw him take her
Pretty little hand and pat—
Pat it in a tender manner,
Well, there's nothing wrong in that.

Stay—although he stooped and kissed her,
And she gave him tit for tat,
They'd been married several years, so
There was nothing wrong in that.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.

(Being further annotated, enlarged, and generally knocked about.)

CHAPTER VIII.

HENRY III. 1216 to 1272.

WHEN quite a child, Henry III. mounted the throne. He had much better have mounted a Jerusalem pony. He would have had a much better time of it. He was always, by help of his guardians, the Earl of Pembroke and others, fighting the Barons. In those days, when a man wanted to bring himself well to the front, he always made a loud bawl out about his brother barons. Nowadays we have grown wiser. All you've got to do now is to go on a voyage to the Cape, have a nice slide down a fire-escape, or to wear a straw hat and set the police a-striking.

One of the most troublesome Barons of the reign was John Fitz Stainer de Sloper. He was particularly angered at the King having married Eleanor, daughter of the Count of Provence, because it brought so many foreigners into the kingdom. "As if," said the rebellious Sloper, addressing his brother barons, "there was such a bally sight of oof about that we could spare any to keep them always on the beno."

In the present day we have a good deal of the same sort of talk about German princes. How they come over here with only half a paper collar a piece and a pill-box full of sausage. We are a generous people, and don't forget to remind our English princesses' husbands of it, because now and then we give their husbands a few pounds instead of spending 'em on looking after saving African niggers that don't want us.

It was during the reign of Henry III. that the first real Parliament met, under Simon de Montfort. The House of Commons was first held in this reign. Whether the Commons were long or short we don't exactly know.

Among the most noted who were brought together at the first meeting of the Commons in London, 1265, was Alaric Fitz Parnell de Sloper.

It was in his celebrated speech against papal exaction that his name has since been immortalized. The Pope was anxious that a tax should be levied on all ballet ladies wearing skirts less than twenty-four inches in length. "Rather," he exclaimed, "than submit to such a tyrannical enforcement, would I see the dragon on Temple Bar melted into penny whistles and given to the cronies of my country to play 'The Wearing of the Green' on. The ballet girl and the extra lady are the pride of a great and noble country. Think, too, of commerce. Were they once destroyed, what would become of the port wine and seedy biscuit trade?"

Henry III. reigned fifty years, and the Barons got done in the eye in the end. Good business!

PROFESSIONAL FRIENDS.

NO. 2.—THE SOLICITOR.

You must have often encountered the creature,
He's to be met with all over the place;
Writes you see written in every feature,
Six and eightpence is stamped in each line of his face.

If your notion's to do a small bit of black-mailing
(Black-femaling, too, for the matter of that),
He'll assure you there's not the least chance of your failing;
'Tis a job to his heart, and he's on to it—pat.

If the matter in hand is illegal, illicit or
Involving some facts you'd not care to confess,
Just solicit the aid of this easy solicitor,
You'll find him solicitous for your success.

What very encouraging words he will utter
As all your suggestions he loudly extols,
But, though illbred and dealing so largely in "butter,"
It's a hundred to one he'll get struck off the rolls.

What a fellow for costs! Why, they mount up "like winking,"
While to the proceedings no ending you see;
When once he's begun you soon will be thinking
Your attorney goes on throughout attorney-ty

NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT.

"No, mother," said the youthful Lord Algernon Deadbroke, "I am painfully aware that Piccalilli Constance cannot be called beautiful, but then think of her father's millions, millions which will repair our shattered fortunes. Yes," he continued, reflectively, "I was right to engage myself to the Pickle King's heiress. She lacks beauty, but she has an abundance of oof." "She has, she has, my poor son," replied his pitying mother, whose acquaintance with modern slang was as limited as her means, "she has indeed an abundance of hoof—she takes nines, my poor lad, nines."

MUTUAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

HE was down at Brighton with his people, more perhaps by reason of the fact that old Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, with "Her," had come down the week previous. His people said she was a "very worthy girl," and it was "not a bad match" for him; but—ah, there's always a "but," you see. Since he had trodden the shingly "front" he had seen Another; and it was Another he, under the thin pretext of running round to North Street to buy some socks, was walking with on the Hove extension on this bright moonlight night.

"Why are you so quiet to-night?" he asked; "I can't bear to see you look unhappy."

"Oh, rubbish! What do you care? you have Miss H—"

"Ah, but she and I were sweethearts when we were kids, and—er—well there's a kind of cut-and-dried arrangement between our families that—er—that—"

"That you are to marry one another—is that it?"

"Well—er—yes, it is."

"And yet, you beauty, you—"

"Easy, easy; what about your carrying on up at the races with that cad Sykes? Of all the contemptible snobs—"

"Exactly! There you've hit it! It's only because I knew he'd be in the most horrible funk if he even dreamed that my husband—"

"Your what?"

"My husband. Didn't you know I was married? Lor' bless me! why he's in Lower Thames Street—"

"Great Caesar's Ghost!" he muttered, "and I thought you were a widow—let's get back!"

MAGDALEN.



May and December.

May and December. The sad old story. December, with winter snow in his hair, with a heart that Time has not withered; May, with pink blossoms in her cheeks, violets in her eyes, and with nothing to speak of in the way of a heart at all. He has deemed that love will beget love—that love will bring their hearts together across the chasm of the years between. He has taught her to say she loves him, him only, and it is so sweet to him to hear that it is easy to believe.

All that love can prompt him to bring her is lavished upon her. Adrian Grey is rich. Honest as the day, upright as the pines, he has so borne himself in his native town for five decades, and a lustrum that the business, on which four generations of his family have thrived, has never been more prosperous than now.

Madge Grey hates the name of business, and the fact that her husband's wealth springs from it is one of the barriers between him and her heart of hearts.

Comes a wandering painter, with his fine eyes, blonde beard, silvery tongue. What need to tell the story of his wooing and her weakness. It is not a new one nor a pleasant, only the story of a woman dazzled by the tinsel and flinging in the dust the gold, forgetting vows recorded in high heaven, to listen to the lying promise of a love that he swears shall compensate for honour, home and all, and that shall be eternal.

A shadow on a hearth, a void in a home, a chasm in a heart, a grey head bowed, for the first time, in shame.



A silvery tongue.

Retribution so swift that sin cannot outpace it; a brutal awaking from a dream of bliss that never was to be; the scorn of women, the light laugh of men, the coldness, ah! very soon the curses of the man for whom she had discarded home and honour. Last of all a blow, brutal and base, bruising heart as well as feature, stunning not merely sense but soul. It is when they are children that the daughters of Eve take unto themselves dolls and love them, tire of them and break them. Not until they are men do the sons of Adam take and love, tire of and break their dolls. Oh! that vows so fervently declaimed should be so easily forgotten, that the man, weak, vain and unstable, should tire so soon of what the man among men to whom men look as a beacon and a leader, holds so dear.

A wretched woman creeping in the black shadow of a wall down slimy steps towards where the sibilant waters are whispering "Rest, rest, rest."

A prayer to heaven to forgive her and him who wronged her, and to bless him whom she has wronged. Ah, God!

Who even now is standing by her side, who has followed her footsteps, divining her purpose; who holds her in his strong embrace and tells her that the heart and home she fled from are open still to receive her; that he can forgive even what has been; that he can love her even yet.



In his strong embrace.

Then, at last, late, but, thank God! not too late, she reads his heart aright—sees what a wealth of golden love she has cast aside for dross. What wonder that her heart breaks in an anguish of remorse to find how noble is the heart which she has thrown aside, and, like coals of fire, comes the revelation that even, after all, that love is hers if so be she will take it now—him whom most she has wronged is first to forget and forgive, her husband's honest hand will never cast the stone.

And within the clasp of those strong, loving arms, she creeps and nestles like a weary bird with soiled and broken wings.



"Now, look here, I'll show you how to strike the ball, pay all attention. Dear me, I'm afraid I have hurt him!"



THEY FOUND OUT.

Joe. Wonder who's in this mach—" ("Shoo, get away, bad man.") "Jumping Jerusalem! what the—" etc., etc.



"Isn't sea bathing splendid sport? I cannot exactly say that I have participated in the enjoyment yet awhile. But I have donned my bathing costume on no less than three occasions."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.



HAND PAINTED.

"What a wonderful thing, I can see a beautiful ship quite close." "Yes, very wonderful, miss!"

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 196.—MISS IDA GLENROSS.

"Oh, Ida, fairest tenant of my heart!" —The Duck Snook.

"Fala would I offer her my name, she has my heart already." —Lord Hob.

"Again has Cupid's fever overpowered me." —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—RUTLAND BARRINGTON, Esq.



(1). As he was on his road to Chutneyport, a week or two ago, A. SLOPER, attracted considerable attention.—(2). Arriving at the portals of the Palace, on which was inscribed the mystic word "Stagereador," he entered, and was confronted by Pyjama, the Grand Vizier, who said, "Whom seekest thou, planet faced porcupine?" A. SLOPER had removed his head covering to wipe his heated brow, and his three hairs were visible. "Only the Rajah of Chutneyport." "I will be frank with thee," said the Grand Vizier. "You are so with everybody," remarked A. SLOPER. The Grand Vizier bowed. "Just so; therefore, I may tell you at once that you won't see him, so there!" "What!" thundered A. SLOPER, "have I travelled all the way to far Ind on a fruitless errand? Not so!" And he brushed through the crowd of Eastern loveliness that had collected, and the next moment was prostrating himself at the feet of the Rajah of Chutneyport, who gently raised him and commenced chanting in a low, sweet voice, as he patted the Eminent on the back,—(3). "And

this is the good old SLOPER, A., That owns the great 'HALF-HOLIDAY,' That weekly makes to smile the face That surmounts the torso of classic grace, That is borne by the legs admired by some, That end each in a tootsicum, That is encased in tiny shoe, That's owned, as must be plain to you, By the Rajah of Chutneyport." Then changing to prose, "Now, what can I offer you? Shall it be Brahmins of the very finest vintage, who have been in bottle some eighteen hundred years?" "No, thanks," replied A. SLOPER, "rather too dry for me; but, come, let me interview—" "Let you in to view the piece?" cried the Rajah; "certainly." And he hastily wrote on a card, "Admit one to the pit. Rutland Barrington."—(4). Before A. SLOPER was aware of it he was conducted there by an Eastern attendant. "Will you leave your hat and umbrella, Sir?" asked she.—(5). That night A. SLOPER dreamt that he was a living wooden idol, and although a lovely Nautch girl came and danced round him, he found he was a fixture, and couldn't so much as wink his eye, try he ever so.

THE STING OF INGRATITUDE.



(1). The Elder tried to do a wasp's kindness last Saturday, with the usual result, and so it came rough on him on Sabbath morn when he was waved back from the Kirk door with cries of "Back, prodigal!" "Gang hame, ye loathsome backslider!" "Hook it, brandy snout!"

(2). Over the discredit scene which ensued, and which has been regretted by all concerned, we have thought it best, for very many reasons, to draw a veil.

(3). After wiping away all traces of the fray, the Pillars o' the Kirk and the dear Meenister proceeded with their Sabbath duties.



Bery Bad Boys.



Across the Atlantic.



Wirble warquished Wee-weebomous.



A Railway Noddy.



Or Gour.



Exiled.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

We are now in the midst of the big Gooseberry Season 'tis true, ladies and gentlemen; but in spite of that fact, I can safely vouch for the authenticity of all the subjects contained in my show. I am no vain boaster, but I think this is at least a feather, if only a small one, in my cap. On we go—With fire and sword these two youngsters fought, When asked for why, they said 'twas sport:—Across the ocean in a boat You'd hardly think would keep afloat:—The Forsters will soon abate Their

laws if members agitate:—For missis Jane don't care a rap; so blowed if she will wear the cap:—It seems to us the girl has lied, For doubtless she tried suicide:—Our Prince has gone to lands afar, And turned his back on Baccarat:—Without a friend this spoilt child Now finds himself almost exiled. The cap controversy 'twixt mistress and maid is still waxing furiously. Susan declares she will not wear the cap, the missis say she must. How will it end?—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



ON THE SEASHORE.
Washing her tootsies in the briny foam.

GRAND SPORT.



She. Well, what sport, gentlemen?
Travers. Middling, as far as I am concerned; but Brainless here had splendid day; in fact, it took a van and two horses to remove his spoil from the field.
She. Indeed, you surprise me. Of what did his sport principally consist?
Travers. Farmer Brownhead's cow, which he mistook for a rabbit.



THEY KNEW EACH OTHER'S WAYS.
Gargler. D'you know, Shifter, I think a nice little podgy chap like you'll make a nice little cherub by-and-by.
Shifter. Sorry I can't return the compliment, old man, as I'm sure you will never be happy unless surrounded by beasty "spirits."



Husband. Who was that gentleman seated near that beautiful woman in the box at the opera to-night?
Wife. He must be her husband, because, like us, they seldom spoke to each other.



THE DEMON CYCLIST.
He said he meant breaking the record. He broke his neck instead.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE Eminent is deeply concerned to hear that in Paris there is great probability of that useful portion of the community, designated as artists' models, coming out on strike.



SLOPER is nothing if not artistic, and, therefore, the present strained relations between masters and models has far greater interest for him than it would otherwise have done. The Eminent has always been on a friendly footing with artists' models, and it is needless to assure them of his complete sympathy in the coming battle which they seem determined to fight. If there are any models (of the feminine persuasion, of course) who desire personal condolence and sympathy, A. SLOPER, who has at present a little spare time on hand, will be only too pleased to receive them at "The Sloperies," during the absence, of course, of his wife. It seems a great pity that Mrs. S. does not appreciate her husband's tender feeling and benevolent motives as she ought to.

THE O'er Moss Grown Fabric has been pleased to confer the "Sloper Award of Merit" upon THE CHEVALIER SCOVEL, because he really can sing. "I wish you'd stand me singing lessons, foyther," observed the Budding and Blue Eyed Tenor. "I tried my 'high G' the other night, and I'm convinced there's money in it." And just to keep the boy quiet, the Old Man promised to call on Sims Reeves one day soon.

It is rather hard upon those moving in what Robert calls the Hupper Succes, of whom it may be said that they toil not neither do they spin, that, in order to be thoroughly in the fashion, they should be seen enjoying a matutinal canter at the preposterous early hour of eight A.M. When we consider the many social functions at which the Lady Winifred Tumpkintooler, or the Hon. Miss Rosalind Bluegore must be present, we cannot help but pity these unfortunate votaries of fashion, who, after arriving home between three and four in the morning, are compelled, after snatching a hasty sleep, to make a toilet which will bear investigation by the searching light of day.

A CONTEMPORARY is publishing a series of articles entitled, "French Books that may be Read." Is it not a disgrace to the literature of a country like France that such a title should be necessary?

It is the intention of the Pioneer of Purity, at an early date, to make a voyage round the World. The object of the pilgrimage is to open up agencies for the sale of the "HALF'UN" in Furrin Parts. The scheme will in no way clash with General Booth's—the War Cry appeals to a different class altogether. The Fabric will be accompanied by Alexandry and several of the "Friv" girls. Mrs. Sloper will stay at home to mind the shop and do the washing.

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS has often shown that he is not so thoroughly imbued with that touching and child-like belief in the infallibility of the police force which characterizes his brother magistrates, and only the other day he went the length of reprimanding a constable for the manner in which he gave his evidence. "Stop!" said Mr. Williams, "that is a stereotyped way. 'On the 25th of March I was on duty standing at the corner of St. Giles' Lane, at seven o'clock in the evening,' etc., won't do for me. When I am sitting here I want you simply to say that a Prisoner was drunk, when he or she is charged with drunkenness. That is enough. The other is simply a waste of time." Quite right, Monty, quite right; ALLY's proud to think that you are an F.O.S.



It is greatly to be regretted that two experienced and clever playwrights like G. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan should have selected as the plot of their new Adelphi drama, *The Trumpet Call*, a theme which has been worn well nigh thread bare by a large number of the novelists and the majority of the novelettists of the day. We have reason to be thankful to the authors, however, for the welcome departure they have made in not allowing an unfortunate hero to be accused of murder or forgery, and hunted through four acts and the greater part of the fifth by an impossible detective and an implacable villain. The worst crime the hero, such as he is, commits, is bigamy, and that is hardly the sort of thing he can proclaim his innocence of becoming posed in a stream of limelight. No, no, G. R. S. and R. B., *The Trumpet Call* does not redound to your credit: the play has many faults, not the least of which is the occasional stoppage of its action in order to present entirely unnecessary scenes and allow Mr. Sims an opportunity of showing us "How the Poor Live." By the distinct following the Adelphi undoubtedly possess, *The Trumpet Call* will probably be patronized, but it is certainly not a welcome addition to dramatic literature.

WHO says the modern music hall is not a paying concern? Sixteen per cent. is the yearly dividend just declared by the Alhambra Company, and if this does not satisfy shareholders—aye, even the most avaricious of them—well, all we can say is that it ought to. Music hall property is undoubtedly the most profitable and safest investment for the bloated (or otherwise) capitalist; and it only requires a few score of shapely choristers as the chief attraction—for it is wonderful how the general public will flock to see the female form divine—to make a good dividend certain.

LAST week's *Chronicle* said that owing to the drought in Galloway, whisky was far more plentiful than water. McGooseley started for the scene the same evening, and the Eminent followed next day. They have not been heard of since.

THERE is no truth in the absurd statement which has gone the round of the Press that A. SLOPER has taken a London Theatre, at which he proposes to produce his own plays, act the principal parts himself, and between the acts sell the programmes and attend to the refreshment bars single-handed. The last named job would be quite enough for the Eminent.

WE hear from America that an extra cute gentleman, a Yankee of course, has succeeded at last in inventing a flying machine which is capable of being put to practical use. If we are able to utilize this invention in the manner claimed for it we may expect soon to see a revolution in the world's history. Trains, instead of travelling underground, will dash through space, omnibuses and hansom cabs will skim about like carrier-pigeons, and perhaps even an arial Derby may be possible. If all this takes place we shall indeed be a "rising" generation.

IT was a touching sight to see our old and valued friend, *The Shifter*, doing his morning banana on the King's Road at Brighton one day last week. Nine o'clock is an unusually early hour for *Il Shifter* to be up and taking fruit. There's a mystery here that wants clearing up. Goldberg, as an F.O.S. (see chapter 54, page 983 of the Bye Laws and Regulations of the Order), it is your duty to write to "The Sloperies" and explain. All will be forgiven.

WITH the prorogation of Parliament and the beginning of the Long Vacation the Big Gooseberry Season commences. "Scene in the House."

"A Member Suspended," and other sensational items of Parliamentary Intelligence, cannot now be used to bait the contents bills of our great dailies with, and it behoves the wily editor to invent schemes which will be the means of providing sufficient copy where-with to pad out the columns of his journal until the time for Parliamentary Squabbles comes round again. The *D. T.* is at present endeavouring to interest its readers in a discussion on "Our Children's Ears," and readers of that enterprising paper may expect to be treated shortly to a voluminous correspondence on the subject of "Our Forefathers' Bunions." The *Daily News* has evidently purchased the surplus stock of letters sent to the *Star* on the Servants' Grievances Question. Good old padding!

UP to the hour of going to press no abnormal sized gooseberry had been discovered, nor had a sea serpent or even a mermaid been seen sporting in the vicinity of our shores; but, bless you, there's no knowing what may happen before the dull season ends.

THE cruel report that ALLY was seen in company with a piece of crackling on the Extension at Margate on Bank Holiday, indulging in the festive periwig, has given rise to ructions at Mildew Court. We are, therefore, requested to state that the Friend of Man is ready to prove an *alibi* at any moment. *Alibi*, carefully packed, will be forwarded, on application, to any part of the United Kingdom, post-free.

LOVELINESS is making its way in the world, and no mistake. A controversy is raging in one of the leading New York newspapers on "Why should not ladies don masculine attire?" Why not, indeed? It seems to us that they do so, or at least in part, for it is a well known fact that in many English households the wife wears the b..... But there, if the dear little girls wish to look manly, let them do so. Perhaps we may be all the better off for it, as, of course, they will have to take upon themselves all the responsibilities of the sterner sex, act as their escort to the theatre, dub up for little suppers, etc., and act generally in a manner suitable to the attire which so well adorns their shapely figures.

A. SLOPER'S Patent Lotion for Removing Freckles and Reducing the Nose to its Normal Colour will shortly be on sale at all respectable cheesemongers.

THE Marquis of Ailsbury's position at present seems anything but an enviable one. Liabilities £250,000, and assets nil, is not a very promising outlook for even the most economical of beings, and the Marquis's greatest enemy cannot accuse him of being that. Samuel Lewis, if asked for more advances, will be likely to jib, so what will the Marquis do then, poor chap? Perhaps Bessie will step forward and oblige.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 22nd, 1891.

23rd August, 1485.—This day, after the Battle of Bosworth Field, Richard III.'s body was found naked, covered with blood and dirt, and in that condition thrown across a horse, with the head hanging on one side and the legs on the other, and so carried to Leicester, where it lay two whole days, exposed to scoffs and jeers, and was then buried without any religious ceremony.

24th August, 1839.—A paper of this date states that it was a singular fact that there were then confined, in the public and private establishments for the treatment of insanity, in London and the neighbourhood, no less than sixty men and women, who considered themselves the legitimate but unacknowledged sovereigns of the country. One female patient insisted upon asserting that she was the real Victoria, and that she was confined in a mad-house in order to prevent her from ascending the throne of her forefathers. This poor, mad creature would strut about the ward, exclaiming, "Fall back! Clear the way for your illustrious Queen Victoria!"

25th August, 1828.—A newspaper of this date says:—"A short time ago a person died at Farnham, named Mills, of extraordinary disposition and strange habits. It was known he was possessed of some money—perhaps £1,000 or £1,500, for he denied to himself many of the common necessities. On the old man's death, those immediately interested were not a little surprised on learning, on application at the Bank, that, instead of £1,200 or £1,500, he had safely lodged there as many thousands! His cellar was searched, where, concealed in a corner, were found £10,000 and gold coins in various places—even in tea-cups and pill-boxes, and the total proceeds of the search rewarded them with near £12,000.

26th August, 1348.—Cannons were first used at the Battle of Cressy, fought this day, by Edward III., who had four pieces there, which gained him the day. They were then called bombard, Shakespeare, in *King John*, mentions cannons, that "have their bowels full of wrath, to spit forth indignation," etc. The bard was at fault, however, in his chronology. John died in 1216, but cannon were not then invented. The first piece was a small one, contrived by Swartz, a German cordelier, soon after the invention of gunpowder, in 1330.

27th August, 1887.—On this day the Queen's Jubilee was celebrated in a novel fashion at Denby Dale, near Huddersfield. Denby Dale has, for a long time, been famous for its pies. In 1788, there was one baked in commemoration of King George III.'s recovery; another one was baked in 1815 in honour of the peace; and the third was in 1846, in celebration of the repeal of the Corn Laws; and now a pie had been baked, which is described as without equal in the annals of pie-making. It was baked in a special oven, and was 8 ft. in diameter and 2 ft. deep, and contained 64 stones of flour, 1,850 lbs. of beef, 180 lbs. of mutton, 160 lbs. of veal, 180 lbs. of lamb, 250 lbs. of pork, 120 lbs. of lard, 50 lbs. of butter, 32 couples of rabbits, 3 hares, 42 fowls, 40 pigeons, 12 grouse, 21 ducks, 4 plovers, 1 turkey, 5 geese and 100 small birds; together with 30 eggs and 40 stones of potatoes, 40 lbs. of beef suet and 40 lbs. of dripping, weighing altogether about 2½ tons.

28th August, 1828.—"There was a Masquerade at Brighton Theatre this evening," *John Bull* says, "which was well arranged and well attended. As a proof of the march of intellect, we observed in the bills for this late and jovial amusement, that children would be admitted at half price."

29th August, 1777.—General John Reid, who was appointed this day Colonel of the 95th, and died at his lodgings in the Haymarket in 1807, was a well known figure in the streets of London, and, from his extreme thinness, was called "The Walking Rushlight." His real name, however, was unknown, and he was never seen to speak to a living soul. He left a considerable fortune behind him.

TANNING.

IT is now the festive season.
When, for some unearthly reason,
Every something in the City seems to be
Getting all his togs together,
And in spite of filthy weather,
Rushing madly down to somewhere by the sea.
There they stroll about at leisure,
And their chief idea of pleasure
Is to air their forty shilling tourist suits;
Whilst every man Jack tries
To get his face to harmonize
With the colour of his Russian leather boots.

OLD CHINA.

YOU see, dear sweet little Doris McDuff, though twenty damp pouring English summers had passed over her head (and invariably ruined her hat), was still an only, and, consequently, a spoiled child. Her papa "bored" her, she said; and "ma" was so terribly slow. And when they went to Brighton—well, it wasn't to be supposed that Doris could tolerate "ma" dragging her up and down "the front," or "pa" trotting her off just like a silly London schoolkid to the Aquarium to see the sea-lion's little baby. No, Doris would go about by herself; and Doris went. And, the very first afternoon, walking along, just down by Markwell's, she met a girl just about her own age, a little bit "dressy," perhaps, but such a nice girl, not a bit reserved. And, on the way to East Street to buy *meringues*, Doris stopped in front of a china-dealer's window, wherein some fine old five o'clock tea-sets were displayed. As she gazed from them to her companion she remarked, ingeniously—"You know, I absolutely dote on old Chelsea, don't you?" Whether the friendly brunette grasped the question aright, deponent sa'eth not, but she answered—"Lor', no, child, I think it's a sleepy old show—give me good old Pimlico!" And Doris still wonders why papa said, "Bore or no bore, I'm going on the pier with you, young lady," when she told him.

HELLO! HELLO!

WE were sitting the other afternoon, downcast and depressed, watching the soggy raindrops as they sogged, when there came a violent ring at the telephone bell.
"Hello!" we shouted.
"Are you the Strand Theatre?" demanded an imperious female voice.
Now the spirit of mischief, not to say of resentment at being so haughtily interrogated, burned within us, so we said—"We are."
"Mrs. Uffington Tubbs, Cromwell Gardens, wants two stalls to-night. They must be in the front row, no others will do. And Mrs. Uffington Tubbs desires to say that she was much displeased with the seats she had last, and unless she can be better accommodated this evening, will neither pay for them nor patronize the theatre again."
Now, it chanced we knew Mrs. Uffington Tubbs. She was the wife of the "Margarine king," and shoddy, from the ground up. So we called into that telephone, "Look here, tell Mrs. Tubbs to save her sauce for that ginger whiskered old lardsmelter, her husband. She can have the seat she had before, and if she don't like it she can do what the blooming camel did—hump it! Tell her we haven't forgotten when she was gal'us glad of a stand up seat in the blessed scrag-hole, half price at nine. Tell her to come off her perch, it don't suit her!"
That night, quite in a casual way, we went to the Strand ourselves. The acting manager, for once, seemed quite huffy; and two men in cotton blouses were taking down the telephone. Probably Uffington Tubbs had called.

THE M.P.'S MOAN!
(A BACTERIAL BALLAD.)



O, ANOTHER new
terror now
threatens M.P.'s
Who have surely
enough now to
flurry them
(For what with
Suspensions
and such, if you
please,
Fate always seems
ready to worry
them!);
And the threaten-
ing terror is one,
you'll confess—
That is not to its
fellows inferia
(Pray pardon the
rhyme—it is one
which, you'll
guess
Is written on pur-
pose to justly
express
An appropriate
rhyme to Bac-
teria!)

For our House of M.P.'s
A new fiend fair would seize—
A demon whose name is Bacteria!
As though 'twere not enough to be forced to hear prate
All sorts of inane and vain chatters;
We now are to risk even a more awful fate,
To cope with microbial health shatters!
For the prompt sanitation we each must apply,
To preserve our talents superia
(Again a run rhyme—though again you know why),
For of course, you don't want us to droop and to die
From the breath of this *bête noire*—Bacteria!
So, while we all go
On vacation, you know—
May they drive out the bold bad Bacteria!

WHY THEY PARTED.
(A ROMANCE OF YARMOUTH.)

It was on the Yarmouth boat that I saw and envied them. She was young, and, oh! so divinely fair, and he—well, he had comparative youth, good looks, and a pair of nine and elevenpenny flannel bags in his favour. They were, indeed, a well assorted pair, and I, cynical old bachelor as I am, felt glad that here on a prosaic steamboat, and surrounded by the unpleasant spectacle of about two hundred passengers more or less afflicted with seasickness, two souls had found their affinity. She had been very bad during the early portion of the voyage—very bad indeed; and it was, doubtless, the able, courteous and considerate manner in which he understudied the steward that in a great measure won her young affections. The sea was calmer now, and although she could dispense with his stewardship, she still needed support, and it was inexpressibly touching to see the manner in which the strong man lent his arm for the purpose.



There, at the vessel's side, they sat, her slender waist encircled by his sustaining arm, and dainty umbrella acting as a shield from the scolding glance of the vulgar.

Oh, happy maiden! thrice happy youth, "How sweet is Love's young dream," "There!" I mused, "under the sympathetic shelter of an alpacagingham, two loving hearts are beating as one, a simple pair who have hitherto known not love are tasting the first sweets of an earthly paradise." Thrice blessed be the happy chance which has thrown them together." My old heart was glad. I turned away to hide a tear of joy.

When I passed the spot again, the couple had separated. They had been disturbed from their dream of bliss by the bustle preceding the arrival of the boat at her destination. Once again I saw them. As the steamer glided alongside the wharf I caught sight of her; she was supporting a limp, pale little man, who had, I heard, been in a state of complete prostration during the whole of the voyage. A nurse girl, carrying two infants—twins—walked beside her. And he, her cavalier, her affinity, he—well, he was waving his handkerchief to a stout woman, who, surrounded by three or four children of tender age, leant eagerly over the quay. "The world is full of those who meet, and love, and part again." It is very sad.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."
No. 8.—FLO DELAMERE.

In olden days, Flo Delamere,
I loved to gaze, Flo Delamere,
On your bonnie face,
And mark the grace
Of your witching ways, Flo Delamere.

On many a night, Flo Delamere,
By the moon's pale light, Flo Delamere,
I would raise sweet lays
In your well earned praise
'Neath your chamber bright, Flo Delamere.

By the trysting tree, Flo Delamere,
I bent my knee, Flo Delamere,
And you pledged your troth,
And you took an oath
That you'd marry me, Flo Delamere.

You're as sweet and spry, Flo Delamere,
As in days gone by, Flo Delamere,
But I view you now
With a scowling brow
And a baleful eye, Flo Delamere.

For I found with spleen, Flo Delamere,
That divorced you'd been, Flo Delamere,
From husbands four,
And that, furthermore,
You had kids thirteen, Flo Delamere!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

EXETER VILLA, NEWMARKET, August 2nd, 1891.
SIR,—Many thanks for "Award," which I received last week. I think it very good indeed.
Yours very truly,
F. RICKABY.

PECKHAM THEATRE OF VARIETIES, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, August 5th, 1891.

DEAR OLD ALLY,—As you sat in the box the other night, I wondered what new royalty was visiting our land; but, on looking again, I discovered your happy chivy chase peering from behind the curtains, and your flaming beak shining like an advertisement of the *Harbour Lights*. In singing my song, "Why was I born so handsome," I did envy your beauty, your good looks fairly putting me in the shade. Will you kindly give me a recipe of what you use for your complexion? I have been told that you use glass-paper and "Monkey Brand Soap." It makes you have such a fatherly look. Dear Old Bottlenose, I am an orphan wanting someone to adopt me. I will come to Mildew Court on the shortest notice.
Yours truly,
FRED MELTON.
(Cousin Evelina.)

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 75.—HE FINDS THAT 'TIS BITTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST!

As away through the Cloud-home by night
The adorable Love Goddess fled,
She suddenly paused in her flight
O'er the room where Sir Broomstick was seated,
For her ears had been caught and her spirit distraught
By the wibegone bleat that he bleated.
"Now, alas and alack! it's exceedingly clear
From the doleful, deplorable sounds which I hear
That the Wreck has been wrecked by the cruel deceit
Of some heartless coquette!" quoth the Love Goddess sweet.

"Very hard," moaned the Mound, "is my doom,
And, how wildly soe'er I endeavour
To ban from my buzzum the gloom,
Yet the gloom will remain there for ever.
I may murmur and moan, but the treasure that's gone
Will return to me never! ah, never!
Dejected, disheartened, distracted, forlorn,
I shall curse the dark moment in which I was born.
Never more shall my heart with felicity beat—
Thou hast left me for ever, my sweet, oh, my sweet!"

The angel, far up in the skies,
Gave an ear to the wild ululation,
And then, with the tears in her eyes,
And her heart moved to deep agitation,
She began to descend, with intention to end
Her best customer's dire trepidation.
And, still as to earthward the Love Goddess went,
There ascended to heavenward the grievous lament:
"Ah! the wreck of my heart and my hearth is complete—
I am lonesome without thee, my sweet, oh, my sweet!"

When the sprite to the Blighted One came,
She exclaimed, "If thoult cease from thy moaning,
And tell me the damozelle's name
Who has left thee thus grieving and groaning,
The maid in an hour, by my limitless power,
For her freak shall be fondly atoning!"
And the Wreck replied, rudely, "Get out of it, do!
Or, so help me, I'll set my dog Snatcher at you!
Do you think me, you jade, such a fool as to pine
For a flirty girl's love? No! This mansion of mine
Was with beautiful furniture lately replete,
And the hire-system people have collared my SUITE!"

THE BRIGHT BOY'S ANSWER.

AN aged pilgrim, toiling laboriously along a long country road, came at length to where a bright young agriculturist of twelve was engaged in chopping wood. As the hoary philosopher took a seat upon a log, the youth paused in his labour. Then he removed his cap and scratched his head. Still puzzled, he continued to scan the philosopher from head to foot, the while, in whistled song, he recalled the air of "Annie Rooney."

"Eh, moi son," said the pilgrim, in the dialect of those parts, "when y're playin' wi' the boys y're lively enough, but the minute y're set to splittin' a little firewood y're clean done, ain't ye?"
"Oh, Oi dunno, feyther; y' see, th' wood's so darned 'ard."
"Ar'd! In my day, my boy, I used to chop a stack o' wood every mornin' afore breakfast."
"Ay, but that wood's tougher now."
"Ow kin that be?"
"Who! it's about eighty year older!"

Perceiving that the lad had had the repartee of him, the weary old man rose from the log, and with his blessing and a piece of advice, cautioning him to look out for brain fever, passed on.

"A GREAT ENCHANTRESS YOU MAY BE!"

My love, that I loved so dearly,
Must I never love you more?
Must I moan in vain, with a yearning pain,
And a heart that is bruised and sore?
And are you removed from me now as far
As I from you distant and shining star?
And more unworthy to mate with me
Than I to commune with that star should be?

My love, that I thought an angel
And ever expected to see
Soaring away on some sunny day
From this wicked world and me,
Have I lived at last to see you plain?
Of woman, womanly, false and vain,
With a woman's pride and a woman's arts,
And a woman's pleasure in breaking hearts?
My love, are you flushed with conquest
As drunkards are flushed with wine?
You may gloat, Heaven knows! o'er your victims' woes,
But you never shall gloat o'er mine!
For, though Hell itself should aim to wrest
The bitter truth from my anguished breast,
I would boldly lie in the teeth of Hell,
And swear that I never have loved you well!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THE Mildewed Researcher is going carefully through "Buffon's Natural History." He has read so much about "*fin de siècle*" lately, that he means knowing what sort of fish a "*siècle*" is.

"THE CENSUS RETURNS"—In 1901.
WHEN may Members of Parliament be looked on as cheats?—When they are pro-roguing.

AN area which you don't care to have attached to your house—Malaria.

ITALIAN papers, please copy. There is no such thing as the Triple Ally—uns. ALLY hasn't been presented with anything beyond twins, up to date.

A GRIEVANCE which ought to be re-dressed—M'Dougall's pet ballet-girl.

THERE'S a screw loose in the ancient mythology. Back-us, instead of being the god of wine, should be the god of racehorses and pugilists.

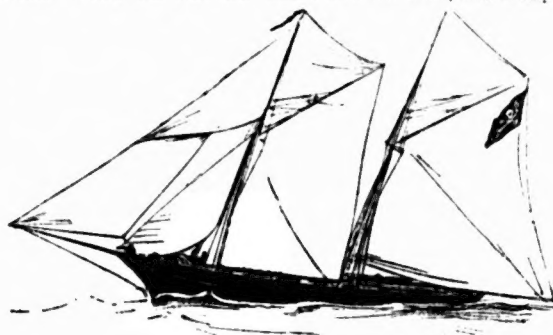
THE TEETOTALER'S MOTTO—*Sine (a)quâ non.*

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE CORSAIRS' BRIDE;
OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "JEMIMA JANE."
(A TALE OF THE RAGING MAIN.)

CHAPTER I.

A LONG, low lying schooner was scudding before a spanking breeze. There was a sinister look about the craft, and if anyone



The schooner.

desires to know what a sinister look about a craft is like, let him go and consult a reliable penny dreadful. The present historian knoweth not. To an ordinary eye, she presented the cheerful appearance of a smart collier. As she was not that, but was really and truly a pirate of the deepest dye, she must have had a sinister look.

On the poop paced the captain. He also had a sinister look, and a patch over his left eye. He wore a soft felt hat, tucked up at the stem and flowing full aft to the stern, where it joined the collar of a second-hand pilot jacket. A formidable belt spanned his waist, in which was stuck a small armoury of weapons, and his nether limbs were encased in a pair of jack boots, which fitted him like a couple of fire-buckets.

The crew, who were scattered about the deck, presented a picturesque appearance. They were variously clothed, and the only official uniform of the men appeared to be a coating of dirt and a quid of tobacco.

"Haul aft the weather braces," roared Captain Spitfire. "Keep her off a point or so, and all hands on deck get up the cannonades."

In a moment all was bustle. The hatches were taken off the vessel, tackle rigged, and in course of an hour a dozen cannons frowned from the vessel's bulwarks. The collierlike appearance was gone, the vessel was transformed into a first class pirate ship.

Captain Spitfire, the commander of the gallant craft, was a terror to the main. No merchant vessel sailed but the captain trembled at his name. Several vessels which had attempted to fight him had never been heard of again, while, of those captured, several survivors had reached home to report the burning of the vessel in which they had sailed. To the world he was a miscreant, to the crew he was a hero—all save to one, the cook of the vessel. To this last the captain looked an ass, and even amid the bustle of fitting up the guns, he looked aft to the poop with a scornful, cynical sneer, as if conscious he could boss the job a great deal better.

As the transformed vessel careered over the waste of waters, a strict look-out was kept from the masthead. For hours nothing was seen; but, after darkness had set in, the look-out hailed the deck with the information that a merchant vessel was on the lee bow.

In an instant orders were given to douse every glim, and, amid a dead silence, broken only by the hiss of the grindstone as the steel of the rusty cutlass was laid upon it, the guns were double-shotted, and everything was put in a state of preparation for carrying the doomed craft by boarding.

The cook made coffee in the cuddy, for coffee was always wanted at the end of a fight.

Slowly but surely the two vessels approached, and, for a time, the stranger seemed to be unaware of the presence of the enemy. A mere accident aroused him to a sense of his danger. The boat-swain of the pirate had, in a fit of forgetfulness, ejected his quid to leeward, with a view to adopting a fresh one. The wind had caught the moist morsel, and, as it hurtled through the air, it splashed right in the eye of the second mate of the merchantman. He at once recognized that a vessel must be to windward, and a hoarse roar of "All hands on deck!" was at once heard.

But it was too late. There was a grinding sound as the vessel heeled slightly over, and the rattle of grappling irons were heard, followed by the rush on deck of the crew of the pirate ship.

CHAPTER II.

THE work of carnage was brief. The merchantman was caught unawares, and most of the crew were chopped up small in a few moments. All were dead but the captain of the vessel, and, with a pistol at his head, Captain Spitfire led him towards the cabin, with orders to point out where the treasure was hid.

Sadly the captain led Spitfire down the companion stairs, and, throwing the door of his private cabin open, said, "Behold her!"

She was a magnificent looking woman, in the prime of life. As she turned towards Captain Spitfire, a sudden pang smote him, and he felt his heart throb. In cleaner circumstances he probably might have exhibited a blush, but, if he did so now, it was concealed.

(To be continued next week.)



The Cook.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 217.—MR. G. W. ROWDON, F.O.S.

"The above portrait will be at once recognized by anyone who has lately visited the Alhambra as that of the celebrated bouncer, G. W. Rowdon. Do not, gentle reader, run away with the idea that our hero is a bouncer of the common or backyard description, perhaps the worst species of the genus; no, in speaking of him as a bouncer, we merely refer to his marvellous jumping powers. G. W. may be said to have inherited his salient propensities from his father, who was, we believe, a very harmless old gentleman, afflicted with an unquenchable thirst for brandy and water, and a peculiar disease, commonly known as the 'jumps.' It is not to be wondered at that with a parent perfectly indifferent to the welfare of his son, our hero's talents were for a time misdirected, and we find his name first appeared in print under the police court news, he being charged with the, we admit, heinous offence of impersonating a Spring Heeled Jack, and scaring the inhabitants of his native village somewhere into the middle of the next century. He was, we understand, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment; but stone walls do not make a prison with such a man as Rowdon, and one day, when out exercising in the yard attached to the jail, he simply cleared the sixteen foot wall at a bound, and, as the warden happened to be looking in another direction at the moment, got clear away, and lay *perdu* for some time until his many friends succeeded in obtaining his parole. Chiefly because he's the champion high jumper of the world, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him June 20th, 1891."—*Debut Improved.*

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.
Wife. What shall I say when they come to arrest you.

This is Miss Penguin, a member of the ari-stork-racy, who can trace her ancestry back to the prehistoric times.



A FLOURY WAY.

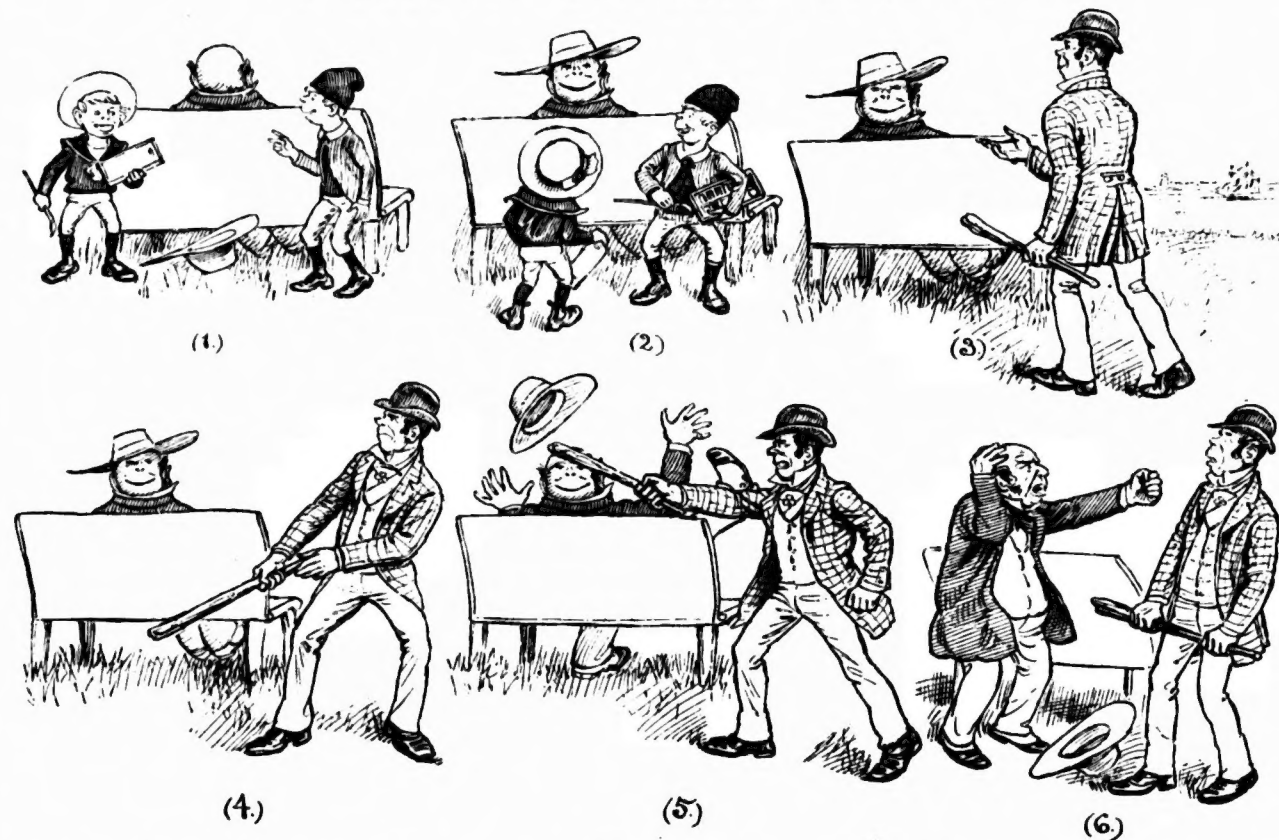
Her Ladyship. Good gracious! Parker, what on earth shall I do? I haven't a mite of violet power.
Parker. Can't you use the flour-dredger, my lady? Which is wot I allus does when I goes to meet my young man.

HER "BEAU."



Edith. Well, Clara, I shall return to the house. Perhaps, Captain Noseall, you would not mind escorting me?
Noseall. Great pleasure—haw—but I hardly like leaving Miss Sharpshot alone.
Clara. Oh, never mind me, I shall come to no harm. Why, can't you see I've already got a bow (beau) quite capable of taking care of me should necessity arise.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.



(1). *Freddu*. "Hush, Tommy, here's old Uncle Benjamin taking a snooze. Give us your new paint-box and let me touch up his bald head for him."—(2). "There, the old joker looks a good deal prettier now, don't he?"—(3). *Put Roomey*. "Begob! shure Ol know that face. How are ye, Barner, me jewel? Shure it's yer self that's bakin' well. Tip us yer fist."—(4). "What, ye'll not spake to an oul friend! won't ye, ye stuck-up paycock? If ye don't droop that grin, begorrah! Ol'll flatten

the ugly shinout av ye. Lave off, do ye hear?"—(5). "Take that, ye spalpane, to knock some better manners into ye!"—(6). *Uncle Benjamin*. "You dastardly villain! you shall pay for this. What do you mean by it?" *Put*. "Shure, sor, it's meself that's grieved to have hurt your feelin's; but, be-lad! you must confess it was your own double faced behaviour and nothing else that brought it upon you. How was I to know you had a face on two sides of yer head?"

DANCING GIRLS.



No. 8.

The girl who doesn't like dancing a bit.

DEEP-RAVED.
SCENE—DRAWING ROOM.

"He's singing your favourite song, dear."
"What? singing 'Out on the deep'? I wish to goodness he'd try 'Out under the deep'."

INCISIVE.



Policeman. Hullo, young fellow, what do you mean by knocking that gentleman into the ditch?
Irate Person. Mean? Why, he asked me why those emmets crossing the road were like rats. And when I said I didn't know, he said, "Because they're road ants (rodents)."